

The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1886.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Authors at Home.* XX.

DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL) AT EDGEWOOD.

MR. MITCHELL is eminently an 'author at home.' There are many of our popular writers—both citizens and country dwellers—whose environment is a matter of comparative indifference to their readers. But the farmer of Edgewood has taken the public so pleasantly into his confidence, has welcomed them so cordially to his garden, his orchard and his very hearth-stone, that—in a literary sense—we are all his guests and inmates. In the consulship of Plancus,—as Thackeray would say,—we Freshmen, after our first pilgrimage to that shrine of liberty, the Judges' Cave on West Rock, with its kakographic inscription,—'Oposition [sic] to tyrants is obedience to God,'—used to turn our steps southward to burn our youthful incense upon the shrine of literature, and see whether the burrs had begun to open on the big chestnut trees that fringed Ik Marvel's domain. In those days the easiest approach was through the little village of Westville, which nestles at the foot of the rock and seems, from a distance, to lay its church-spire, like a white finger, against the purple face of the cliff. The rustic gate at the northern corner of Edgewood, whence a carriage road led to the ridge behind the house, stood then invitingly open, and a printed notice informed the wayfarer that the grounds were free to the public on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Now, as then, the reveries and dreams of Mr. Mitchell's early books continue to charm the fireside musings of many a college dreamer; and successive generations of Freshmen still find their footsteps tending in the golden autumn afternoons of first term toward the Edgewood gates. But nowadays the pilgrim may take the Chapel Street horsecar at the college fence, and after a ten-minutes' ride, dismounting at the terminus of the line and walking a block to westward, he finds himself at the brink of what our geologists call 'the New Haven terrace.' Thence the road descends into the water meadows, and, crossing on a new iron bridge the brackish sluice known as West River, leads straight on across a gravelly level, till it strikes, at a right angle, the foot of the Woodbridge hills and the Old Codrington Road. On this road lies Edgewood, sloping to the east and south, lifted upon a shelf of land above the river plain, while behind it the hill rises steeply to the height of some hundred feet, and shuts off the west with the border of overhanging woods which gives the place its name.

From his library window Mr. Mitchell can look across a little foreground of well-kept door-yard, with blossoming shrubs and vines and bright parterres of flowers set in the close turf: across a hemlock hedge and a grass bank sloping

down to the road: across the road itself and the flat below it, checkered with his various crops, to the spires and roofs and elm tops of New Haven and the green Fair Haven hills in the eastern horizon. Southward, following the line of the river, he sees the waters of the harbor, bounded by the white lighthouse on its point of rock. Northward is the trap 'dyke' or precipice of West Rock, and northeastward, beyond the town, and dim with a violet haze, the sister eminence, East Rock. From the driveway which traverses the ridge behind the homestead the view is still wider and more distinct, taking in the salt marshes through which West River flows down to the bay, the village of West Haven to the south, and, beyond, the sparkling expanse of the Sound and the sandhills of Long Island. Back of the ridge, westward, stretches for miles a region which used to be known to college walkers as 'The Wilderness,' from its supposed resemblance to the scene of Grant's famous campaign: a region of scrubby woodland, intersected with sled roads and cut over every few years for fire-wood: a region—it may be said incidentally—dear to the hunters of the fugacious orchid.

The weather-stained old farmhouse described in 'My Farm of Edgewood' made way some dozen years ago for a tasteful mansion of masonry and wood-work. The lower story of this is built of stone taken mostly from old walls upon the farm. The doors and windows have an edging of brick which sets off the prevailing gray with a dash of red. The upper story is of wood. There are a steep pitched roof with dormer windows, a rustic porch to the east, a generous veranda to the south, and vines covering the stone. The whole effect is both picturesque and substantial, graceful and homely at once. The front door gives entrance to a spacious hall, flanked upon the south by the double drawing-rooms and upon the north by the library, with its broad low chimney opening, its book-shelves and easy chairs, its tables and desk and wide mantel, covered and strewn in careless order with books, photographs, manuscripts, and all the familiar litter of a scholar's study. At the rear of the hall is the long dining-room, running north and south, its windows giving upon the grassy hillside to the west. A conspicuous feature of this apartment is the full-length portrait, on the end wall, of Mr. Mitchell's maternal grandfather, painted about the beginning of the century, and representing its subject in the knee-breeches and silk-stockings of the period. Half-length portraits of Mr. Mitchell's parents, painted about 1830 by Morse, the electrician, hang upon the side wall of the dining-room, and an earlier portrait of his mother surmounts the library mantel-piece. Mr. Mitchell's culture, it will be seen, does not lack that ancestral background which Dr. Holmes thinks so important to the New England Brahmin. Three generations of the name adorn the pages of the Yale Triennial. His grandfather, Stephen Mix Mitchell, graduated in 1763, was a Representative and Senator in Congress and Chief Justice of Connecticut. His father, the Rev. Alfred Mitchell, graduated in 1809, was a Congregational minister at Norwich, in which city Mr. Mitchell was born, April 22d, 1822. The statement has been made that 'Doctor Johns' was a sketch from the Rev. Alfred Mitchell; but this is not true. Mr. Mitchell's father died when his son was only eight years old, and though his theology was strictly Calvinistic, his personality made no such impression upon the boy as to enable him to reproduce it so many years after. Some features in the character of 'Dr. Johns' were suggested by Dr. Hall, of Ellington, at whose once famous school Mr. Mitchell was for some time a pupil. The name of Donaldus G. Mitchell also appears on the Triennial Catalogue for the year 1792 as borne by a great-uncle of the present 'Donaldus,' who took his bachelor's degree in 1841. Mr. Mitchell's mother was a Woodbridge, and some two years since he completed an elaborate and sumptuously-printed genealogy of that family, undertaken by his brother but left unfinished at his death.

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The French windows of the drawing-room open upon the veranda to the south, and this upon a lawny perspective which is at once an example of Mr. Mitchell's skilful landscape-gardening and a surprise to the stranger, who from the highway has caught only glimpses of sward and shrubbery through the hedge and the fringe of trees. The Edgewood lawn is a soft fold between the instep of the hill and the grassy bank that hangs over the road and carries the hedge-row. It is not very extensive, but the plantations of evergreens and other trees on either side are so artfully disposed, advancing here in capes and retiring there in bays and recesses, that the eye is lured along a seemingly interminable vista of gentle swales and undulations, bordered by richly varied foliage; along the hillside farms beyond, and far into the heart of the south. Here and there on the steep slope to the right, and high above the lawn itself, are coppices of birch, hazel, alder, dogwood and other native shrubs, brought together years ago and protected by little enclosures, but now grown into considerable trees. North of the house is the neatly-kept garden, with its beds of vegetables and flowers, its rows of currant and gooseberry bushes, its box-edged alleys, and back of all a tall hedge of hemlock, clipped to a dense, smooth wall of dark green, starred with the lighter needles of this year's growth. Mr. Mitchell tells, with a pardonable pride, how he brought from the woods, in two baskets, all the hemlocks which compose this beautiful screen. He has two workshops,—his library and his garden; and of the two he evidently loves the latter best, and works there every day before breakfast in the cool hours of the morning.

Edgewood has been identified with its present owner for a generation. He was not always a farmer; but farming was his early passion, and after several years of writing and wandering, he settled down here in 1855 and returned to his first love. On leaving college he went to work on his grandfather's farm near Norwich. He gained at this time the prize of a silver cup from the New York Agricultural Society, for plans of farm-buildings. He became a correspondent of *The Albany Cultivator* (now *The Country Gentleman*), contributing letters from Europe during his first visit abroad, in 1844-6. This was undertaken in search of health. He was threatened with consumption, and winter found him at Torquay in the south of England, suffering from a distressing and persistent cough. From this he was relieved after a violent fit of sea-sickness, while crossing the Channel to the island of Jersey, where he spent half a winter. Another half-winter was passed in tramping about England, and eighteen months on the continent. These experiences of foreign travel furnished material for his first book, 'Fresh Gleanings' (1847). After his return to this country he studied law in New York, but the confinement was injurious to his health, and in 1848 he went abroad a second time, travelling in England and Switzerland and residing for awhile in Paris. France was on the eve of revolution, and Mr. Mitchell's impressions of the time were recorded in his second book, 'The Battle Summer,' 1850. Again, returning to America, he took up his residence in New York and issued in weekly numbers 'The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town, by an Opera-Goer.' This was a series of satirical sketches, something after the plan of Irving's 'Salmagundi' papers. They were signed by an assumed name, and even the publisher was not in the secret of their authorship. The intermediary in the business was William Henry Huntington, who lately died in Paris, and who was known for many years to all Americans sojourning in the French capital as an accomplished gentleman and man-of-letters. 'The Lorgnette' provoked much comment, and among Mr. Mitchell's collection of letters are many from his publisher, detailing the guesses of eminent persons who called at his shop to ascertain the authorship.

The nucleus of the 'Reveries of a Bachelor' was a paper contributed to *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and entitled 'A Bachelor's Reverie, in Three Parts: 1. Smoke, signify-

ing Doubt; 2. Blaze, signifying Cheer; 3. Ashes, signifying Desolation.' Mr. Mitchell has a bibliographical rarity in his library in the shape of a copy of this first paper, in book form, bearing date Wormsloe, 1850, with the following colophon:—'This edition of twelve copies of the Bachelor's Reverie, by Ik: Marvel, hath been: by the Author's Leave: printed privately for George Wymberley Jones.' This Mr. Jones was a wealthy and eccentric gentleman, who amused himself with a private printing-press at his estate of Wormsloe, near Savannah. The 'Reveries,' by the way, has been by all odds its author's most popular work, judged by the unfailing criterion of 'sales.' In 1851 Mr. Mitchell was invited by Henry J. Raymond to edit the literary department of the *Times* then newly established; but the labor promised to be too exacting for his state of health, and the offer was declined. He also issued the prospectus of a weekly paper to be called *The Examiner*, but the project fell through. In May, 1853, Mr. Mitchell was appointed Consul for the United States at Venice. In June of the same year he was married to Miss Mary F. Pringle, of Charleston, and sailed again for Europe to enter upon the duties of his consulate. He was attracted to Venice by the opportunities for historical study, and while there he began the collection of material looking toward a history of the Venetian Republic. This plan never found fulfilment, but traces of Mr. Mitchell's Venetian studies crop out in many of his subsequent writings; especially, perhaps, in his lecture on 'Titian and his Times,' read before the Art School of Yale College, and included in his latest volume, 'Bound Together' (1884). In 1854 he resigned his consulate, and in July of the following year, he purchased Edgewood.

During the past thirty years Mr. Mitchell has led the enviable life of a country gentleman—a life of agriculture tempered by literature and diversified by occasional excursions into the field of journalism. He has seen his numerous children grow up about him; he has entertained at his charming home many of our most distinguished *literati*; and he has kept his communications with the reading public open by a series of books and contributions to the periodical press, on farming, landscape-gardening and the practical and aesthetic aspects of rural life. He edited 'The Atlantic Almanac' for 1868 and 1869, and in the latter year accepted the editorship of *Hearth and Home*, a position which made it necessary for him to spend a part of every week in New York. He was one of the judges of industrial art at the Centennial Exhibition of '76, and Commissioner from the United States at the Paris Exposition of '78. His taste and experience in landscape-gardening have been called into play in the lay-out of the city park at East Rock, and of many private grounds in New Haven and elsewhere. Of late years the University has had the benefit of his services in one way and another. He has been one of the Council of the School of Fine Arts, since the establishment of that department, and has lectured annually before the School. In the fall and winter of 1884 he delivered a course of lectures on English literature to the students of the University; and the crowd of eager listeners that attended the series to the close, showed that Mr. Mitchell had not lost that power of interesting and delighting young men which gave such wide currency to his 'Reveries of a Bachelor' and 'Dream Life' a generation ago. Among the other lectures and addresses delivered on various occasions—several of which are collected in 'Bound Together'—special mention may be made of the address on Washington Irving which formed one of the pleasantest features of the centennial celebration at Tarrytown in 1883. Irving not only honored Mr. Mitchell with his personal friendship, but he was, in a sense, his literary master. For different as are the subjects upon which the two have written, Mr. Mitchell, more truly than any other American writer, has inherited the literary tradition of Irving's time and school. There is the same genial and sympathetic attitude toward his readers; the same tenderness of feeling; and, in style, that gentle elaboration, and

that careful, highbred English which contrasts so strikingly with the brusque, nervous manner now in fashion. Among the treasures of Mr. Mitchell's private correspondence, none, I will venture to say, are more highly valued by him than the letters from Washington Irving, although the collection contains epistles from Hawthorne, Holmes, Dickens, Greeley, and many other distinguished men. Other interesting *memorabilia* are the roughly drawn plans of Bayard Taylor's new house and grounds at 'Kennett,' which the projector sketched for his host during his last visit at Edgewood.

In appearance Mr. Mitchell is rather under than over the average height, broad-shouldered and squarely shaped, the complexion fresh and ruddy, the nose slightly aquiline, the lips firmly shut, the glance of the eye kindly but keen. The engraving in *The Eclectic Magazine* for September, 1867, still gives an excellent idea of its subject, though the dark luxuriant whiskers there pictured are now a decided grey. It may not be generally known that, besides German translations of several of Mr. Mitchell's books, his 'Reveries' and 'Dream Life' have been reprinted in Germany in Dürr's Collection of Standard American Authors.

HENRY A. BEERS.

Reviews

Miss Rossetti's "Shadow of Dante."*

HEINE said of himself that he was a German nightingale who had built its nest in the periwig of M. de Voltaire. Of the Rossettis it may be said that they have built theirs in the poems of Dante. No less than four members of this singular family have distinguished themselves by their devotion to the Tuscan poet. The father, Prof. Rossetti—an Italian exile famous for a patriotic ode still remembered in the peninsula—was a celebrated lecturer on Dante. William Michael Rossetti, one of the sons, and a remarkable art critic, has given one of the best blank-verse translations of the 'Inferno.' Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the pre-Raphaelite poet and painter, published an erudite volume on 'Dante and his Circle.' And now Maria Francesca, one of the two gifted sisters (the other being Christina, the most powerful of living female poets) clinches the family devotion by 'A Shadow of Dante: Being an Essay toward Studying Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage.' With such hereditary devotion have the Herschels pursued the stars in their courses; with such pertinacity did the sparrows build about the altars of Zion. In this interesting volume Miss Rossetti elucidates the geometry of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory as they appeared to the 'pilgrim of eternity,' the *mécanique céleste* of the 'Divina Commedia.' Unravelling Dante's conceptions of the Universe thread by thread—centre of gravity, spheres of air and fire, terrestrial paradise, nine heavens, mountain of purgatory, empyrean, *primum mobile*, and all—she diagrams these, or rather twists them together in graphic lines, till they figure out a wonderful series of concentric circles enclosed by the crystalline heaven, surmounted by the 'Rose of the Blessed,' from whose Mont Blanc peak radiate the angelic circles. Such is the cartography of the Dantesque Universe. Next she takes her reader by the hand and leads him step by step through the intricacies of Hell—plains, pits, sand-wastes, circles and all—wherein Dante's imagination works like some mighty engine—tireless, blazing, swift—in its endeavor to throw up concrete visions of eternity before the mind of the reader. Then Purgatory lifts its spectral cone out of another diagram—a cone entwined by successive circles and terraces as they reach in ever-twining coils out of the ocean of the water-hemisphere, which is made of tears, tier after tier into the realms of the terrestrial Paradise—a sort of Jardin des Alpes—on top of the cone: 'ove l'umano spirto si purga.' The mighty pilgrims wander on through and over and up and around this ever-ascending labyrinth till they reach the

top with its symbolic lilies, its golden candlesticks, its rainbow of the Seven Sacraments, its wheels and eagles, its emblems and wreaths, its thunders, songs, and 'prismatic ambiguities.' The last leaf of this phantasmal atlas figures the Paradise, with all the wondrous foliations of the Rose of the Blessed—a *millefolium* surrounding as its burning centre the Lake of Light. The awful geography of the 'ineffable Rose of the Empyrean,' which is composed of the spirits of the saints and martyrs, is then traced with reverent pen, so that every line glows, all the nine heavens constituting the Paradise wheel into distinctness, and the uncontained empyrean overarches all. Through these luminous regions pass the pilgrims, shrivelled to mere specks in the all-encircling glory—microscopic I's and eyes, overwhelmed yet conscious, keen-sighted yet dazzled, Dante recording in his divine memorandum-book all that he sees with a supremely energized imagination and a supremely characteristic touch. The nine angelic circles give up all their secrets; the angelic bees buzz wondrously in the ear of the poet; the enfolding flower yields up all its radiance and perfume, and the purified vision of the poet enjoys incomparable glimpses of the Mother of God and the Blessed Trinity. All these abstractions and visions are wrought out by Miss Rossetti in geometric detail: shades, shadows and perspective of Hell, Heaven and Purgatory may be touched, and, if need be, tasted; the conceptions of scholastic theology are visualized and projected upon a screen; Dis becomes articulate; the phantom-world becomes tactically comprehensible; and Mercator's projection is made applicable to the Heavenly Jerusalem.

The History of English Prose.*

IT HAS BEEN the purpose of Mr. Saintsbury to make a volume of selections illustrative of the course of English prose style; but he has done much more than this by means of his introduction, which is an admirable piece of historical criticism. We cannot by any means agree with his conclusions, but we have read his essay with much interest and profit. He assumes that Dryden and Addison are the great masters of English prose, and that this form of composition reached its perfection during the Eighteenth Century. He deprecates the ornamented and poetical prose which we owe to Macaulay, Carlyle, Landor and Ruskin; and he would lead us back to the simple style of Addison. With this desire of his we can feel no sympathy, for our prose style of to-day is the outgrowth of the ampler and richer life of the present time, as compared with the tamer and less interesting life of the Eighteenth Century. Our life is more artistic, more appreciative of the beautiful, more sympathetic with nature and more keenly alive to the needs and aspirations of humanity. In our prose this larger life is reflected, and it gives it a richness, a flexibility and an amplitude impossible in a style such as that of Addison. We have outgrown the Eighteenth Century love of classicism and precedent; and there is no possibility of our returning to anything so dull and uninspiring. The trouble is, that Mr. Saintsbury has a theoretic love of form, and of form based on classic models and formulas. We have passed beyond the classic spirit, however, in anything like formal allegiance to it, and we can never be induced to go back to it for the purpose of so lifeless an imitation as that of the Eighteenth Century. For our part, we like the style of Landor and Ruskin, and in every way prefer it to that of Addison. It may not keep closely to the theoretic laws of prose composition, but it is rich with abundant life, flexible with quick and intelligent purpose, and keenly sensitive with a tender sympathy with man and nature.

The greater part of Mr. Saintsbury's volume is taken up with his selections from the English prose-writers from Sir Thomas Malory to Lord Macaulay. He has attempted in

* Specimens of English Prose Style, from Malory to Macaulay. Selected and annotated, with an introductory essay, by George Saintsbury. \$1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

these selections to show the historic development of prose, and in this effort he has fully succeeded. With critical skill and a fine literary judgment he has culled his illustrative passages. A brief biography is given in introduction to the selections from each author, with such critical comments as serve to illustrate his place in the growth of English prose.

George Eliot's Heroines.*

A STUDY of George Eliot with special reference to her heroines as types of womanly character was a happy idea. After reading Miss Woolson's book, however, one may feel that the expectation created by her subject has not been quite fully satisfied. Her treatment of it is suggestive rather than profound, pleasant rather than philosophical and exhaustive. Her appreciation of George Eliot is keen and sympathetic, and she gives to her all needed admiration. This is a good preparation for her study of womanly character, as her main object is to ascertain the degree of George Eliot's fidelity in this respect. She begins her work by a study of her author as a literary artist, and this is followed by chapters on her personality and opinions as lending interest to her novels, her novels as studies of woman's character and surroundings, the purposes of her plots and the lessons they would teach, the question whether life is responsible for the failures she portrays, the causes of the despondent tone of her novels, the standard of ethics revealed in her novels, and her religion of humanity. These topics afford ample ground for a helpful study of the writings and the life of George Eliot; but we feel that they are often merely touched upon, and with too light a hand to satisfy our desire for broad and ample criticism. In the first place, Miss Woolson is not inclined to recognize in a generous spirit the unconventional features of George Eliot's life; and her criticism is too much affected by this fact. There is also the difficulty that she is wholly out of sympathy with her religious ideas; and this also very much affects the tone of her literary criticism. On the other hand, she does ample justice to George Eliot's skill in the delineation of character, as well as to the deep moral sincerity of her purpose. With Cross's biography before her, the author ought to have given less weight to George Eliot's despondency as the result of her religious beliefs, or want of beliefs, than she has done; for the fact seems to be that the despondency which so heavily weighed upon her was constitutional. It may have been colored and shaped by her altruism, but it was not created by it. Passing over these limitations of Miss Woolson's book, we find it, in the main, right in its conclusions and sound in its criticisms. George Eliot's work was made less great and noble, we feel sure, by her want of a large spiritual vision. She did not give us a full type of womanhood, because her own career was too much a rebellion against society.

Books on Music.†

RECENT publications in musical literature cover a considerable variety of styles and subjects. There are books of history, theory, biography and vocal physiology, besides musical compositions in the larger as well as smaller forms. As to the compositions it cannot be said that the products of the press as they reach us indicate that the American composer is coming into his rights as rapidly as his friends might wish; yet he shows his head modestly at intervals, and occasionally gives cause for rejoicing; as recently in Brooklyn, when the Apollo Club, under the direction of the composer, produced a cantata for solo voices, male chorus

* George Eliot and her Heroines. A Study. By Abba Goold Woolson. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Bros.

† 1. Musical History. With a Roll of the Names of Musicians, etc. By G. A. Macfarren. 25 cts. Harper's Handy Series. 2. Manual of Musical History. By Frédéric L. Ritter, Mus. Doc. 75 cts. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 3. The Standard Operas: Their Plots, their Music and their Composers. By George P. Upton. \$1.50. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 4. Handel. By Eliza Clarke. 50 cts. New York: Cassell & Co. 5. Pease's Singing Book, for the Use of High Schools and Singing Classes. 80 cts. By F. H. Pease. Boston: Ginn & Co. 6. Music. By H. C. Bannister. \$1. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

and orchestra, entitled 'The Voyage of Columbus.' But that the American publisher is perhaps more ready than the American concert-giver to do his duty in the matter of encouraging national music is indicated by the fact that Mr. Buck's score bears a New York imprint (Schirmer's) as well as one of a Leipzig house.

Among the books on music, the most valuable that has come into our hands for a long time is G. A. Macfarren's Musical History (1). This comes to us in the form of an American reprint of a British reprint, the contents of the little book being the essay entitled 'Music' in the current edition of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica.' Of all the outline histories of music that have reached us, this essay is easily the best. So far as clearness, vigorousness, terseness and comprehensiveness of statement are concerned, it is beyond praise; and not the least of its merits is the lucidity and candor with which some of the difficult problems that perplex the student of the science as well as the art of music are treated. The author is a conservative in respect of the present tendency of music, and is not altogether unprejudiced in his discussion of Wagnerism; but generally he is circumspect and fair in his statement of disputed matters. Such books are decided acquisitions to the literature of art. The only regret that we feel touching the reprint is that Harper & Brothers did not place at least the 'Roll of Names' appended to the book in the hands of a capable American historian or critic of music for revision. Had this been done, American musicians would probably have received fairer treatment, several bad blemishes which disfigured the Edinburgh edition would have been avoided, and many unnecessary blanks filled up. It is scarcely creditable to an American publisher to issue a book of reference in which it is stated that Mme. Albani was born in 'Albany, Canada,' that Offenbach died in 1870 (six years before he visited the United States), that Mme. Sembrich's married name is 'Stergel' and Ignaz Brüll's name 'Brühl'; that contains no record of the deaths of Laub the violinist, Massé the composer, and many others who died long before the date of the book; and that omits such names as Leopold Damrosch, Dudley Buck, Samuel P. Warren, S. B. Mills, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and scores of others that outrank in significance hundreds that have been included. In his 'Manual of Musical History' (2) Dr. F. L. Ritter has proceeded on different lines from those pursued by the English author. His book is more a record of events and men and times that stand out prominently as milestones along the road which the art has travelled from the Grecian era to the present. The principal value of the book to the student of musical history is as a reminder. A useful feature is the list of principal modern orchestral instruments, with musical diagrams showing their compass.

A work similar in nature to that which should have been done by an American editor in the case of Sir G. A. Macfarren's book would have greatly increased the value of Mr. Upton's 'Standard Operas' (3), had the capable and experienced author done it himself. This handy little book is unpretentious in scope and design, and—the author tells us—was prepared for the general public rather than for musicians. It is an American product, and we have no doubt that Mr. Upton, like the sensible wideawake journalist he is, had the American public in view when he wrote the book, as Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. had when they published it. How much might he not have added to its interest, and how many instructive glimpses into the history of music in America might he not have given, by adding to his record of first performances the dates of first representations in America. Such memoranda frequently bespeak the degree of culture attained in a community, or the tendency of public taste. The data are within reach, though to compile them would have cost labor. We wish Mr. Upton's book may soon reach a second edition, in order that he may supply this want. Do not the statements that 'Don Giovanni' was performed for the first time in New

York in 1825, by the first Italian Opera Company that came to America ; that Garcia and his daughter, who afterward became so famous as Mme. Malibran, were in the cast ; and that the author of the libretto, Mozart's old friend Da Ponte, sat in the audience, bring the immortal work much nearer our sympathies, than the mere record : 'First produced at Prague October 29th, 1787 ?' And will not future historians of music seek for such information as this : 'Tannhäuser' had its first representation in America at the Stadt Theatre in the Bowery on August 27th, 1859, Carl Bergmann being the conductor ? Mr. Upton's work covers the modern English, and the Italian and German lists, and all the works of Wagner. The lives of the composers are briefly sketched, the plots of the operas pleasantly told, and the striking features of the music discussed. The new book on Handel (4) by Eliza Clarke need not detain us long. It belongs to the World's Workers Series, and is valuable only as a compilation of all the anecdotes ever told about the composer of 'The Messiah.' It is written as if designed for children. A singing-book, prepared by F. H. Pease, of Detroit, Michigan (5), offers a novelty in method and arrangement in this, that it begins with a large number of exercises preparatory to the staff, written on a modification of the Tonic Sol-fa plan. The modification consists in the use of figures instead of letters indicating syllables, and has long been followed in Germany. The exercises in the book are graded, and all voices are consulted ; but the songs are for the greater part trashy. 'Music' (6), by Henry C. Bannister, has passed through twelve editions in England, and finally been reprinted by authority in this country. It is all that its author claims for it—a compendious manual of musical knowledge, to which the musician or musical student can safely turn for an answer to any problem in theory or harmony that may arise to perplex him.

"Poetry as a Representative Art."*

IT was a reproach brought against the Alexandrian school of criticism, that its methods and aims were distinguished by a harrowing minuteness and microscopic particularity, wherein the large outlines and fundamental curves (so to speak) of a subject were entirely lost. In modern times that remarkable autobiographic fragment, the 'Vie, Poésies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme,' was reproached with the same fictitious fertility of analysis, the same overrefined plenitude of autobiographic self-anatomization, which characterized the schools of Porphyry and the Homeric critics. Extremes meet. Alexandria and Paris hang at either end of the rainbow. The beginning and the end of the Christian era are characterized by the same incredible passion for atoms, for articulation, for granulation of a subject, one may say—for grinding things to a fine meal, and then sifting it, not through a Danaë-tub, but through a hypercritical gauze-of-Broussa, so that only the most refined quintessence, the most impalpable 'powder of angels,' may be left at the bottom of the critical reservoir.

All this—mixed metaphors and all—applies with some force to 'Poetry as a Representative Art.' Here are nearly 350 pages of ingenious philosophizing on 'poetic representation,' on figures of speech, poetry and primitive language, on discourse, elocution and versification, on 'force' as the source and interpreter of poetic measures, pitch and tunes of verse, rising and falling tones, melody and rhyme, poetic and unpoetic words, and kindred topics—all ranged side by side like the cells of a wasp's nest : and the hapless reader is caught up like a spider and imprisoned in one cell after another,—in one chapter after another—a prey to the author's 'indicible' passion for elaboration. How many thousands of lines can be scratched upon a square inch of a Rowland spectroscope ? How many angels can dance upon the point of a cambric needle ? How many definitions

and corrugations of a definition can Prof. Raymond imprison within the parallelogram of a page ? Full of learning and suggestive as his book is—which may be called the transcendentalism of poetics—one is lost in its infinite wrinkles. The reader stands as upon the seashore trying to catch and fix the configuration of a wave : before he can do so, wave after wave flows in upon him, and he is lost in the oscillation, the splash, the rapidity of the strokes, the ascending and descending seas, the ever-crescent, ever-subsiding wave-quadrille. So here : wave after wave of definition :

—each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave.

But, in spite of all this, the book is a most thoughtful one ; its style is admirable, and we like well what it has to say of elocution.

Recent Fiction.

'THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE' (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) deals with very complicated and not very probable matrimonial relations between half a dozen people who vibrate between each other with ingenious changes of affection and interest. It is an entertaining story, such as we expect from Hardy always ; much human nature, none the less true to life for being unusual human nature, being interwoven with the highly complicated plot.—HUGH CONWAY was certainly what is called 'a born story-teller.' There is that in his most sensational work which strikes something besides the love for the sensational, and 'Living or Dead' (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) is no exception. It is nothing in the world but a story, and a story with absurd plot based on foolish misunderstandings ; but it is interesting for all that, and will be read through once, if only once, by whoever begins it.—BEATON'S BARGAIN (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) is an extremely meagre story, out of which even Mrs. Alexander's well-known wit and fancy have not been able to make much. It is one of the undignified books that deal with very poor phases of human nature with no apparent object. The plot is slight, improbable and commonplace, and the characters tame and uninteresting.—'SCRUPLES,' by Mrs. J. H. Walworth (Cassell's Rainbow Series), is quite an entertaining little story of the War, good for its brevity, its quick movement, and its brightness, while the tragedy is unobtrusive and not dwelt upon with too exclusive attention. Mrs. Walworth shows more constructive skill, and sense of what constitutes a story, in this than in her longer efforts.

'WHO IS GUILTY?' by Philip Woolf, M.D. (Cassell), is an entertaining detective story which shows much ingenuity. It has not the calm air of probability which made 'The Leavenworth Case' so deservedly popular as a work of art as well as an absorbing story ; but, though startling, it is interesting, which is the first duty of the novel. The clever *ruse*, which is such a feature of all detective work, is here made doubly clever by the author's allowing the victim in each case to see through the *ruse* while playing at being a victim ; and the whole is a remarkable dovetailing of cause and effect, detective mistakes and successes, part playing into part in a way to keep the reader's attention firmly to the close. The too great cleverness of the professional detective is amusingly shown up, and the revelation of the really guilty one at the close is something unique in the history of murders.—'KING ARTHUR' (Harper) is a return of Mrs. Muloch-Craik to the strong and beautiful stories with which she first charmed us. It is much the best thing she has written lately, and besides its interest as a touching story, full of clever 'points' as well as pathos, it is original in taking for a heroine, not the typically 'sweet' woman, but the strong woman, with a will and insight and a determination not to be imposed upon—a far more agreeable person to live with than some of the very 'sweet' ones.—THE author of 'The King's Treasure House,' translated by Mary J. Safford from the German of Wilhelm Walloth (Gottsberger), seems to realize, from his preface, that his 'romance of Ancient Egypt' savors more of romance than of Egypt, and apologizes for the extravagance of his tale on the plea that 'art is exaggeration.' It is certain that the tale impresses one more as an 'extravagant' and highly sensational love-story than as an historical novel ; and when one finds the people of this 'ancient Egypt' alluding in conversation to there being 'many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' one wonders if

* Poetry as a Representative Art. By G. L. Raymond. \$1.75. New York: G. Putnam's Sons.

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Independence Day.

(A TRIBUTE AND A PLEA.)

LAND of the prairies, land of rolling meres

That counterfeit the immeasurable main—

Ontario, and Cayuga, and Champlain,

Huron, Oneida, and a score their peers;

Not mine a home where Mariposa rears

Her tree-towers, nor amid some smiling plain

In Marion's country or in Paul Revere's,

'Neath Texan mulberries, nor the pines of Maine;

Yet would I strike an alien harp for thee

Among thy loyal sons this holiday:

Freemen are all compatriots, as the sea

Speaks the same tongue from Gades to Cathay;

And for yon glorious flag of liberty

A Hampden bled, a Milton pour'd the lay!

EDWARD J. HARDING.

THE writing of the life of the late W. E. Forster has been entrusted to the capable hands of T. Wemyss Reid. Mr. Forster made copies of all the important documents which passed through his hands, and kept a diary. The Life, which will fill two octavo volumes, will be published by Chapman & Hall.

The Lounger

AN ARMY officer writes:—‘THE CRITIC of June 12th gave Mr. Whistler’s age as forty-two. It is about ten years in error. The West Point Cadet Registers of 1852-3-4 contain the name of James A. Whistler, who entered the Military Academy July 1st, 1851, giving his age then as sixteen years and eleven months. His military career is not without interest. It lasted three years, and appears to have been passed among what is known in Cadet slang as “the immortals”—a name said by a punster to have been derived from a corruption of *les immortels* (lazy mortals). His class numbered barely fifty, and he was always well down in the forties in mathematics, in philosophy and in chemistry. Finally, in 1854, he was hopelessly deficient in chemistry, and recommended for discharge. Here his military career ended, doubtless to his great satisfaction. But he was always and easily No. 1 in drawing; and several specimens of his work as a Cadet are still to be seen in the gallery of the Drawing Department at West Point.

‘AMONG Whistler’s classmates were Gen. Comstock, the famous engineer and former *aide-de-camp* of Gen. Grant; Gen. Hazen, the chief of the Weather Bureau; the late Gen. Weitzel; Gen. Webb, President of the College of the City of New York; Col. Wheeler, the retired Professor of Engineering at West Point; Generals Torbert and Averell, dashing cavalrymen of the Civil War; Gen. Turner, now Street Commissioner of St. Louis; the late Gen. Francis L. Vinton; and others of more or less military reputation. Only seven of the class are now in the Army. It is hard to conceive of anything more unsympathetic to a man of Whistler’s temperament than the life of his classmates during the Civil War, or now on the plains; and the discipline of West Point must have been in the last degree irksome to him. I wonder if he remembers his cadet days and what he thinks of them.’

THE Cleveland *Sun* is amusing itself—and a good many of its readers, too—by saying that ‘The Breadwinners’ was ‘written jointly by Capt. Frank H. Mason, formerly of The Cleveland Leader, and now United States Consul at Marseilles, and his wife. It is not necessary to ask how we know this to be a fact,’ it says, ‘but the reader can rest content in knowing it to be a fact. The book was written during their first year abroad, and was brought to this country by Col. John Hay, who found for it a publisher, the latter not knowing to this day the name of the author. All the business has been carried on through Col. Hay. If any one doubts this, let him ask Col. Hay, and let those who know Capt. Mason well go over the book and see if they do not conclude that it is from his pen.’

THIS looks like an attempt to galvanize a literary corpse. There is little doubt in the minds of most literary people to-day as to the authorship of ‘The Breadwinners’—and considerably less interest than there was two years ago. But the person who doubts the Masonic legend of its origin may as well save himself and Col. Hay the trouble of consulting the latter on the subject. He will get no satisfaction in that quarter, I can assure him.

I AM afraid Mr. C. A. Montgomery, the enterprising publisher of ‘Goodholme’s Domestic Cyclopædia,’ has thrown away \$25. He showed me, last week, a copy of the latest edition of that valuable book of reference, which he has just had bound in crushed levant, with gilt edges, gilded back, and an inscription in gilt on the inside of the cover, setting forth that the volume is Mrs. Cleveland’s, ‘with the compliments of the publishers.’ Under the present Jeffersonian regime at the White House, I fear the book will find its way back to New York, with a note expressing the lady’s thanks for the publishers’ polite attention, and her regrets that she cannot accept the gilded bauble. Meanwhile the mystery that ensrouds ‘Mr. Goodholme’s’ identity remains as Cimmerian as ever.

AN AUTOGRAPH letter of Walt Whitman was sold at auction by Bangs & Co. on the 7th of June for \$80. It was a single page, dated ‘Camden, 1885,’ and derived its chief value, I suppose, from its references to the bibliography of ‘Leaves of Grass.’ One of its statements was that for the first edition of the book (Brooklyn, 1855), the author set some of the type, and that eight hundred copies of it were printed. A copy of the book itself was sold at the same place a day or two after for \$18. This edition contains a portrait of Whitman, and is said to be very rare. Both the letter and the portrait were bought by dealers—the former by

Dodd, Mead & Co., and the latter by Nash & Pierce; so I presume the prices paid were not extravagant.

IT IS HARD to say whether France has done wisely or not, in expelling the princes. For my own part, though a staunch republican, I think I should go behind a high wall and throw my cap in air, if I heard that the Comte de Paris was about to ascend his grandfather’s unstable throne. If he really cherishes a longing for that discredited piece of furniture, he can lay his plans to secure possession of it almost as well abroad as at home; to the motive of ambition is now added the desire for justice, if not revenge; and his hard lot in being expelled from his native country has awakened a feeling of sympathy with his person, if not with his cause, in every quarter of the globe. Even my old friend the Spanish barber, who is no lover of the French, told me he couldn’t read the report of the prince’s expulsion through, for the tears that filled his eyes!

The Fine Arts

“Etching in America.”*

THIS is a suggestive little book. It is based on good artistic principles, and the author appears to possess considerable literary knowledge of the subject, together with sufficient technical understanding to enable him to write intelligently. He treats the development of etching in America from the commercial side, rather than the artistic. Although he would be the first to repudiate commercialism in this branch of art, he writes from the standpoint of the print-seller and the amateur. What is most useful in this little book is, not the analysis of etching, pure, simple and artistic, but the recognition the adulterated, complex forms of the art, which are so much used in the book- and picture-trade, which ‘puzzle the critics’ as well as the public, and which are often stumbling-blocks of knowledge even to specialists in the mechanical processes of reproductive art. Very interesting is the account given of the first feeble steps taken by the etcher’s art in America. The honor of producing the first American plate belongs to Joseph Wright, son of the celebrated Patience Wright, whose wax portraits were one of the fashionable fads of the last century in Paris and London. Mr. Wright etched a head of George Washington from a sketch made at Trinity Chapel, New York, in 1790, while Washington was engaged in devotional exercises. Mr. Hitchcock quotes Dunlap as authority for the existence of etchers among the early American engravers. He traces the progress of the art in America in its connection with the engraving process, down to the time when pure etching was recognized as an independent means of artistic expression, with a distinct individuality of its own. The developing stimulus, commercially and artistically, came from France. The history of American etching since the organization of the New York Etching Club, in 1877, is too well known to be given here. Mr. Hitchcock makes some sensible remarks on the present state of the art, and points out the danger to etching, as an art, which arises from the flooding of the market with cheap and popular reproductive work. The frontispiece shows the first plate produced by the New York Etching Club. The design was made by R. Swain Gifford, James D. Smillie laid the ground, and Dr. Leroy M. Yale did the printing. Lists are given of the principal American etchers and collectors of plates. The author’s remarks on the works of different etchers are in the main discriminating. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Platt’s ‘Low Tide : Bay of Fundy’ is, so far as is known, the only American etching purchased for one of the great Continental collections. It is at Vienna.

Art Notes

The Magazine of Art for June has an engraving of Constable’s ‘Hay-Wain’ for its frontispiece; and a leading article on Guildford, with eight illustrations giving delightful glimpses of that ancient town. There is also a paper on Cabanel, accom-

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Her tree-towers, nor amid some smiling plain
In Marion's country or in Paul Revere's,
'Neath Texan mulberries, nor the pines of Maine;
Yet would I strike an alien harp for thee
Among thy loyal sons this holiday:
Freemen are all compatriots, as the sea
Speaks the same tongue from Gades to Cathay;
And for yon glorious flag of liberty
A Hampden bled, a Milton pour'd the lay!

EDWARD J. HARDING.

THE writing of the life of the late W. E. Forster has been entrusted to the capable hands of T. Wemyss Reid. Mr. Forster made copies of all the important documents which passed through his hands, and kept a diary. The Life, which will fill two octavo volumes, will be published by Chapman & Hall.

The Lounger

AN ARMY officer writes:—"THE CRITIC of June 12th gave Mr. Whistler's age as forty-two. It is about ten years in error. The West Point Cadet Registers of 1852-3-4 contain the name of James A. Whistler, who entered the Military Academy July 1st, 1851, giving his age then as sixteen years and eleven months. His military career is not without interest. It lasted three years, and appears to have been passed among what is known in Cadet slang as "the immortals"—a name said by a punster to have been derived from a corruption of *les immortels* (lazy mortals). His class numbered barely fifty, and he was always well down in the forties in mathematics, in philosophy and in chemistry. Finally, in 1854, he was hopelessly deficient in chemistry, and recommended for discharge. Here his military career ended, doubtless to his great satisfaction. But he was always and easily No. 1 in drawing; and several specimens of his work as a Cadet are still to be seen in the gallery of the Drawing Department at West Point.

'AMONG Whistler's classmates were Gen. Comstock, the famous engineer and former *aide-de-camp* of Gen. Grant; Gen. Hazen, the chief of the Weather Bureau; the late Gen. Weitzel; Gen. Webb, President of the College of the City of New York; Col. Wheeler, the retired Professor of Engineering at West Point; Generals Torbert and Averell, dashing cavalrymen of the Civil War; Gen. Turner, now Street Commissioner of St. Louis; the late Gen. Francis L. Vinton; and others of more or less military reputation. Only seven of the class are now in the Army. It is hard to conceive of anything more unsympathetic to a man of Whistler's temperament than the life of his classmates during the Civil War, or now on the plains; and the discipline of West Point must have been in the last degree irksome to him. I wonder if he remembers his cadet days and what he thinks of them.'

THE Cleveland *Sun* is amusing itself—and a good many of its readers, too—by saying that 'The Breadwinners' was 'written jointly by Capt. Frank H. Mason, formerly of The Cleveland Leader, and now United States Consul at Marseilles, and his wife. It is not necessary to ask how we know this to be a fact,' it says, 'but the reader can rest content in knowing it to be a fact. The book was written during their first year abroad, and was brought to this country by Col. John Hay, who found for it a publisher, the latter not knowing to this day the name of the author. All the business has been carried on through Col. Hay. If any one doubts this, let him ask Col. Hay, and let those who know Capt. Mason well go over the book and see if they do not conclude that it is from his pen.'

THIS looks like an attempt to galvanize a literary corpse. There is little doubt in the minds of most literary people to-day as to the authorship of 'The Breadwinners'—and considerably less interest than there was two years ago. But the person who doubts the Masonic legend of its origin may as well save himself and Col. Hay the trouble of consulting the latter on the subject. He will get no satisfaction in that quarter, I can assure him.

I AM afraid Mr. C. A. Montgomery, the enterprising publisher of 'Goodholme's Domestic Cyclopædia,' has thrown away \$25. He showed me, last week, a copy of the latest edition of that valuable book of reference, which he has just had bound in crushed levant, with gilt edges, gilded back, and an inscription in gilt on the inside of the cover, setting forth that the volume is Mrs. Cleveland's, 'with the compliments of the publishers.' Under the present Jeffersonian regime at the White House, I fear the book will find its way back to New York, with a note expressing the lady's thanks for the publishers' polite attention, and her regrets that she cannot accept the gilded bauble. Meanwhile the mystery that ensouls 'Mr. Goodholme's' identity remains as Cimmerian as ever.

AN AUTOGRAPH letter of Walt Whitman was sold at auction by Bangs & Co. on the 7th of June for \$80. It was a single page, dated 'Camden, 1855,' and derived its chief value, I suppose, from its references to the bibliography of 'Leaves of Grass.' One of its statements was that for the first edition of the book (Brooklyn, 1855), the author set some of the type, and that eight hundred copies of it were printed. A copy of the book itself was sold at the same place a day or two after for \$18. This edition contains a portrait of Whitman, and is said to be very rare. Both the letter and the portrait were bought by dealers—the former by

Dodd, Mead & Co., and the latter by Nash & Pierce; so I presume the prices paid were not extravagant.

IT IS HARD to say whether France has done wisely or not, in expelling the princes. For my own part, though a staunch republican, I think I should go behind a high wall and throw my cap in air, if I heard that the Comte de Paris was about to ascend his grandfather's unstable throne. If he really cherishes a longing for that discredited piece of furniture, he can lay his plans to secure possession of it almost as well abroad as at home; to the motive of ambition is now added the desire for justice, if not revenge; and his hard lot in being expelled from his native country has awakened a feeling of sympathy with his person, if not with his cause, in every quarter of the globe. Even my old friend the Spanish barber, who is no lover of the French, told me he couldn't read the report of the prince's expulsion through, for the tears that filled his eyes!

The Fine Arts

"Etching in America."*

THIS is a suggestive little book. It is based on good artistic principles, and the author appears to possess considerable literary knowledge of the subject, together with sufficient technical understanding to enable him to write intelligently. He treats the development of etching in America from the commercial side, rather than the artistic. Although he would be the first to repudiate commercialism in this branch of art, he writes from the standpoint of the print-seller and the amateur. What is most useful in this little book is, not the analysis of etching, pure, simple and artistic, but the recognition the adulterated, complex forms of the art, which are so much used in the book- and picture-trade, which 'puzzle the critics' as well as the public, and which are often stumbling-blocks of knowledge even to specialists in the mechanical processes of reproductive art. Very interesting is the account given of the first feeble steps taken by the etcher's art in America. The honor of producing the first American plate belongs to Joseph Wright, son of the celebrated Patience Wright, whose wax portraits were one of the fashionable fads of the last century in Paris and London. Mr. Wright etched a head of George Washington from a sketch made at Trinity Chapel, New York, in 1790, while Washington was engaged in devotional exercises. Mr. Hitchcock quotes Dunlap as authority for the existence of etchers among the early American engravers. He traces the progress of the art in America in its connection with the engraving process, down to the time when pure etching was recognized as an independent means of artistic expression, with a distinct individuality of its own. The developing stimulus, commercially and artistically, came from France. The history of American etching since the organization of the New York Etching Club, in 1877, is too well known to be given here. Mr. Hitchcock makes some sensible remarks on the present state of the art, and points out the danger to etching, as an art, which arises from the flooding of the market with cheap and popular reproductive work. The frontispiece shows the first plate produced by the New York Etching Club. The design was made by R. Swain Gifford, James D. Smillie laid the ground, and Dr. Leroy M. Yale did the printing. Lists are given of the principal American etchers and collectors of plates. The author's remarks on the works of different etchers are in the main discriminating. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Platt's 'Low Tide : Bay of Fundy' is, so far as is known, the only American etching purchased for one of the great Continental collections. It is at Vienna.

Art Notes

The Magazine of Art for June has an engraving of Constable's 'Hay-Wain' for its frontispiece; and a leading article on Guildford, with eight illustrations giving delightful glimpses of that ancient town. There is also a paper on Cabanel, accom-

* Etching in America. By J. R. W. Hitchcock. \$1.25. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

panying a portrait, etc.; and an illustrated review of Prof. Morse's exceedingly interesting book, 'Japanese Homes and their Surroundings.' In the July number, of which the frontispiece is a reproduction of W. H. Weatherhead's 'Chelsea Pensioners,' from this year's Royal Institute, the place of the Guildford article in the preceding number is allotted to a pictorial paper on the Old Charterhouse—a time-honored institution, whose ancient buildings were threatened with destruction, when this article was penned, by a bill before the House of Lords, which would convert the pensioners into mere recipients of outdoor relief. There are verses here by R. L. Stevenson; there is a review, by the editor, of Robida's recent illustrations to the works of Rabelais—masterpieces in black and white, which one must admit, after seeing the specimens so admirably reproduced in this article, to be worthy of all the praise Mr. Henley lavishes upon them; and there are full-page, as well as smaller, plates, presenting classical and modern subjects in a manner to please the most fastidious of critics.

—Mr. Hamerton's papers on 'Imagination in Landscape Painting' are continued in the last three numbers of *The Portfolio*. In the May number there is a delicate etching of St. John's College, Oxford, by the American artist, Pennell; and a castle of the Middle Ages on the Rhine, sketched by Victor Hugo in 1866, and almost obliterated by his own signature drawn across its face. 'A Shrimp Girl,' etched by C. Walther, after Hogarth, is the frontispiece of the June number. The other full-page plates in this issue are a capital water-color, 'Desert-Born,' by G. L. Seymour, reproduced in heliogravure; and 'Old London Bridge,' as seen from Southwark in 1560, drawn this year by Herbert Railton. But in addition to these larger plates there are, in each number, many smaller ones of almost equal interest.

—'Now that the summer is here again,' says *The Pall Mall*, 'M. G. F. Watts, in white blouse and overalls, is once more at work on his colossal equestrian group of "Physical Energy." He hopes to complete it this season, and (if the public . . . choose to subscribe the bare expense) to cast it in bronze, for their benefit, and to give his work to them to set up where they may select.'

—The pictures, sketches and drawings of De Neuville, the war-painter, have been sold, according to *The British Architect*, for a total of \$60,800.

—The sale of sketches by Randolph Caldecott held recently in London realized the sum of £776*l.* The highest price (210 guineas) was given by Mr. Agnew for the 112 original drawings to 'Old Christmas, from the Sketch Book by Washington Irving.' He also gave 96 guineas for 85 pen-and-ink drawings of 'Æsop's Fables, with Modern Instances.' The original sketch of 'John Gilpin' was bought by the South Kensington Museum for 50 guineas. Mr. Caldecott's last work—'Negroes Loading Cotton Bales at Charleston,' a drawing in chalk—fetched 6*l.* 6*s.*

To Millicent, from America.*

[Frederick Wedmore, in *Temple Bar*.]

NEW YORK CITY.

A WORD or two about New York itself—a mere first impression. It seems to me less concentrated than London—that is, a stranger, even staying in a good part, somehow has a poor part brought more under his eyes, if he goes anywhere, than he would in London. Perhaps that is because the Elevated Railway—a very good substitute for the Underground, as far as mere travelling is concerned—has distinctly deteriorated two of the great 'avenues' throughout the greater part of their length. And partly too, perhaps, because the squalid and the temporary is often very near to the magnificent and the lasting—is not hidden behind, in back streets, as in London, but is right in the front also. Near the wharves—where are some of the older quarters—the clearly-outlined red-brick houses, with green shutters, give a Dutch character, due to the old Dutch settlement. You might be in one of the simpler and less beautiful parts of the Hague. The more bustling parts of New York strike me often as tawdry and nondescript. The architecture is big, but the advertisements are bigger. The really finer parts—of which Fifth Avenue is certainly one—have a tiresome uniformity of street plan, with a great variety of house-building. The group of houses belonging to the Vanderbilt family is the most remarkable. Vanderbilt's own is a moderately classical and dignified cocoa-nib-colored

mansion, of 'brown stone'—so it is called. A son-in-law's is a splendid white stone house, of the earliest French Renaissance, richly wrought; and, though smaller, would look as well in Park Lane as Mr. Holford's, say; and is indeed, in its own more studiously-ornate fashion, quite as beautiful. Hardly less important than the house of Mr. Vanderbilt—fancy that!—is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, of a beautiful white stone. It is Flamboyant, and in two centuries will look like Abbeville.

'Central Park' recalls Hyde Park scarcely at all. It has a little of the Bois, and a little of the Prater. On Sunday afternoon, in the part called the Mall, I heard a very excellent band perform admirably all sorts of music, from a waltz of Waldteufel to the *Agnus Dei* of Mozart's 12th Mass. The 'better classes' were absolutely absent; and what is striking indeed about the New York population, in the popular resorts, is that it is so little American. French, Germans, Irish, Italians, by the hundred, and half a dozen Yankees. What are these among so many?

The true New Yorker—at all events the official New Yorker—who exercises humble functions, does appear to me an eminently, even an appallingly respectable person. If you admire a particularly good-looking and well-mannered man in a bluish-gray tunic and a becoming hat, he turns out to be a policeman. At the wharf, my cabin friend and I addressed ourselves to an exceedingly dignified, property-holding, middle-aged gentleman, as to where we should find a cab-driver. He was himself a cab-driver, and mentioned his price with a quiet professional reticence of bearing, like a consulting physician casually naming the sum in which you are indebted to him. It was high, but after a slight endeavor it became clear that the question was not arguable. It would have wounded his feelings too deeply had we suggested that he should cheat us a little less. The waiter at a good hotel is respectful to you, as to an equal with whom he happens to have business. You contract to eat, and he contracts to enable you to eat, and you both of you fulfil your contract.

LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

There being 'no one' in New York, except the Editor of the *Sun*, I came down on Thursday afternoon for a day or two in a boarding-house, and to see the Scarborough of America: not its Whitby. The house is homely; the visitors few and quiet; the servants—besides the cook—were described to me by the landlady as—"I have a housemaid, Mrs. Johnson, and a colored boy." 'Mrs. Johnson' is a poor white, with common yellow hair and a gray complexion. The 'colored boy' is a lad of thirty summers. The colored people are generally much better than the indifferent whites. They have, as servants, more graciousness and calm, more tranquil and sure observation.

This is a curious place. In front, miles of beach and the great sea; behind, a swampy flat land of maize and meadow—a land of locust and mosquito, and of malaria at night. To right and left, an endless line of great hotels and fanciful wooden cottages in green watered lawns. No trees higher than a willow, and the East wind passing over leagues of sea and miles of plain. I have seen the pretty cottage in which Garfield died, and Grant's cottage, and the place of Seligmann, the banker. Long Branch is not exclusive. President and financier and riff-raff of New York—Long Branch has room for them all.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND.

I have crossed 'Mason and Dixon's Line,' and have come into the South to pay a visit. The house that I am staying in is, to use an old phrase, a 'gentleman-farmer's' place; much better than an English farmer's; a little rougher than an English squire's. They own a hundred and fifty acres of extremely beautiful land. The broad low house, with iron roof painted red, is built of brick, but with all the walls whitewashed; and it stands among trees light enough not to obscure, but tall enough to pleasantly overshadow it. From the front door you walk out to that deep and long piazza or veranda which they call the porch, and from that on to the green and slightly sloping lawn. Fields of Indian corn, stacked now, and to be gathered in only in winter, lie about the house beyond the lawn and the first trees. A brook is on one side; a river, hardly more than a brook, the 'Hawlings River,' on the other, and light and exquisite woodlands are always within view—woodlands which would have suited Corot, who said of the trees in his pictures that the birds must be able to fly through all the branches. The trees are changing prettily in color now—to vivid yellows and reds. You know I am not a great lover of trees in England, except perhaps of ash and walnut, which are not distinctively English, and of Scotch fir, which is Scotch, and of poplar, which is French. But the maple, the sassafras, and the dogwood—and these in early October! Here is a leaf of dogwood—in this letter—blood-color to-day. Imagine it, in mass, against the purplish bloom of the soft maple, the

* They are real letters, though they were not all addressed to the young lady in question. And—need I add?—the letters which I publish name only one person in fifty of those who, from Boston to Baltimore, and further, covered me with kindness.—F. W.

silver leaf turned back-upwards of the silver maple, the orange-red of sassafras, the full yellow-brown of poplar, and then again, the many leaves still green, which make a wonderful background for those of fuller hue.

The other day a great thunderstorm shook the country. And there were forty hours of heavy rain; rain pattering on the flat veranda roof and soaking the wide fields. Yet an hour or two after the volume of water had all fallen the air dried, and it is now astonishingly bracing and crisp. Already there are slight frosts at night. But neither much damp nor great cold will come before December. And the serene weather will last.

Yesterday evening I read aloud the whole first part of 'Evangeline'—the first three or four sections—and allowing for what seem, in the description, quite slight differences between the North which it treats of and the South which is here, it gave wonderfully the sentiment of this very place. Only one generation ago the people here wove their own sheets, and the spinning-wheel—no mere aesthetic toy of a New York drawing-room—is still in one of the parlors. The whole effect of the largeness of the land, its peace and amplitude, 'Evangeline' thoroughly gives.

I have become great friends with 'Uncle' William. He is the colored coachman. To-day we were talking by the truck-patch. He was 'raised' on the place, and was a slave for twenty years before he was a servant. He has been here so long altogether that he sometimes thinks that it is time to be going. He remembers when he was the coachman exclusively, and was never sent upon an errand. That is his single grievance. Yet he can hardly leave the family, he thinks, simply upon the ground that Miss Mary sometimes wishes him to ride to Brookville or Mechanicsville, to fetch the mail. I recognize in 'Uncle' William many virtues. They are chiefly of the meditative order.

'Old Nicholas' is in the kitchen. It is understood that he has come to see the young ladies. He used to be a slave here; then a servant; and now he is a servant in Howard County. Every autumn, since the young ladies were little children, he has brought them a bag full of chink-a-pins for a present; and every autumn when he has delivered his his chink-a-pins, and has talked about his wife's rheumatism, and is saying good-bye, he has received a gift of money. This is a never-failing surprise to him. But, like the ground squirrel, he lays by for the winter—so he tells us, laughing in a thin voice, and shaking all over as he laughs. A little, withered, merry, good-natured, old colored man; and not *very* much more of a humbug than are many of us.

Sitting over the log-fire in the parlor, this crisp October day, we have eaten old Nicholas's chink-a-pins. They are like tiny chestnuts—chestnuts of a doll's house.

The woods have lost, by this time, all their brightness—the glow and opulence of their garnet and gold. They have a sober charm. And to-day, Mary Ellicot, driving me in her buggy, is quite an autumn piece, except for her youth. A pale brown face, dark eyes, a gown and jacket the color of dead leaves, and gloves light nut-color. She drives fast, and, all the way from the Hawlings River to Mechanicsville, she is against the long background of October woods and bare wide fields.

BOSTON.

I wish that the American waiter could be induced to take a comprehensive view of life. Is it not barely possible that when one rings the bell for him it is *not* for iced water?

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Richard Dana, Longfellow's son-in-law, drove me to Cambridge—to Longfellow's house. It still belongs to the family; a daughter, Miss Longfellow, living there with Mr. Samuel Longfellow, her uncle, a clergyman. You will like to hear about it.

Cambridge is hardly more than half an hour's drive from Boston; in fact, there is hardly any country between the two, but neither is there any trace of crowded country, and unless you take the tramcar and the tramcar bridge, you have to get round the further part of Boston Back Bay—the quiet sea water on the inland side of the harbor—and the way is by a road over flat country wonderfully open, with a wide horizon, houses not too often, and trees, neither too many nor too thick, rising into a vast sky. Nowhere was the country better seen than from Longfellow's gate, where we stopped to look at it before getting out. The house is a large gray-white wooden house—a 'frame house,' as they call it—of two storeys. His study was in the front, so that he had from it daily the view we got from the gate. And owning the land just in front, across the public road, he kept it unoccupied and free too of trees, that the view might be the fullest. It is cleared meadow land; and trees a little to the right hand and the left lead the eye over the length of the meadow to its end, where amongst brown water grasses, and a little marsh

land, the Charles River, quiet and slow, gleams in the landscape. The moisture of the river and its occasional overflow keep the field of a fresh green. It was a very still October afternoon: the sky dark and various, though without perceptible movement or sharply defined form; a blue-gray, many-folded sky, that might open at sunset, to show streaks of yellow light under the wide gray. But at present it was closed and quiet, and the only sharpness of color came from a few trees which stood still with the greenish yellow of a canary against the more abundant soberness of russet and dull red.

Then we went into the house. It is the house that Washington occupied during the War of Independence, so that it has a double interest. Its rooms are large; its coloring chiefly light, which is necessary when you remember that a deep piazza entirely surrounds it, and somewhat overshadows its windows. There can hardly be a more beautiful 'colonial' house. It was built in the middle of the eighteenth century: much of its material being brought from England—especially the interior wood-work, which is of the most dignified domestic classic, so to say—in the best Georgian manner. Mrs. Dana showed me the portraits. There is a very sweet and animated head of the Mrs. Longfellow of nearly forty years ago, by my dear friend Mr. Healy; a very good picture of Longfellow in middle age, by another American, Alexander; and a later portrait by Ernest Longfellow, of his father as an elderly man. This is a likeness his family think excellent, and it is to be reproduced for the book of 'Memoirs,' which is soon to appear.

On the study table stands a black-wood inkstand, on a plate on which is inscribed, 'This inkstand was Samuel Taylor Coleridge's.' It was a present to Longfellow, though there was no particular appropriateness in his possession of it, for Coleridge had never influenced him, nor had they too much in common, Coleridge, great as he was, being obscure and intricate where Longfellow was at least limpid and simple.

All the manuscripts of Longfellow's poems are kept in half-bound volumes, the lowest row in the book-case. I remembered George Eliot's manuscripts at Charles Lewes's; and Dickens's at South Kensington. Longfellow's work seems to have been as easy and flowing at the end as it was at the beginning. I handled the 'Golden Legend,' carefully—you and I know why—and I saw the first thing and the last. Dickens's writing got fuller and fuller of corrections as time went on, and he felt the fatigues of work. And though the later stories of George Eliot, at the Lewes's, are in the original manuscript, we cannot make the comparison all through, for 'Adam Bede,' which is the very clear one, is not the really original manuscript, but a neat copy which she made to send to Blackwood. That was how she began.

Yesterday, I went to see Dr. Wendell Holmes, a prophet honored in his own country. He lives, fittingly, in Beacon Street, and spends the greater part of his time in his ample library, with a large bow window looking out on Boston Back Bay. The 'Back Bay' lies at the back of the harbor, behind and away from all the mass of shipping, and is really in part the broadened water of the Charles River, before it flows into the harbor and the sea. The 'Back Bay' district, of which Beacon Street is the principal street, and Commonwealth Avenue the greatest avenue, has the advantage of fashionableness, of openness, and of excellent modern building. On the other hand it has its milder climate—the 'Back Bay climate,' as distinguished from that of the older and upper part of Boston—and is supposed to give rise to an aggravated form of cold—the 'Back Bay cold.' Dr. Wendell Holmes, however, though seventy-six, makes himself very safe in his library from the Back Bay cold. I saw him on a sunny 'fall' afternoon; the view from the window being of an occasional rowing-boat on a stretch of placid water, and in the distance the long thin line of Cambridge, its flatness and its spires; the foliage near the shore, and the occasional factory chimney with its faint wreathed smoke. He talked a good deal about Boston society; said that there were divisions as complete, practically, as any in English—but you have stone walls, and we wire fences, and the fences are quite as effective, though they are not so visible.' He asked me what was the thing that struck me most in America. I said, the artistic finish of the Americans: a sensitiveness to excellent form, so great as to be almost exacting. I ventured to tell him that the American daintiness of taste allowed them to care more for how a thing was done than what it was that was done; and that all the recent successes in Literature bore me out in that. I told him I thought masses of people in Boston said things with a neatness we could not approach; but that, in Painting, the Americans had still a great deal to learn from the English, and were learning from the French instead. He answered, not in the least dogmatically, that when he was in England, long ago, he didn't think English

artists particularly imaginative or original. He had seen, he thought, a Virgin and Child of Sir Joshua's, and it had nothing of 'the ideal lift.' I said, of course, that I could well believe that, but that in landscape the whole French school, which the Americans copied, was founded on what was only a fragment of our own. He talked delightfully for an hour, and told two or three stories with a good deal of imitative action. The briskest man I ever saw, I think, at seventy-six, and with a mind the most alert.

On Saturday, Louis Dyer, the Greek professor at Harvard, an American who was under Jowett, and is Baliol rectified by America—Dyer, I say, asked me to lunch in town that I might meet Howells. Agassiz, the son of the still better known Agassiz, but reckoned as remarkable as his father, as a pure student, was there also, and others, all of whom interested me. Agassiz has what is probably the best picture by the American William Hunt, a gleaming gray landscape of their 'Gloucester Harbor.' I saw it a day or two before. Howells is a genial, downright, matter of fact, and withal satirical person—just now in the very fullest possession of his means, writing and talking with the utmost neatness, without the slightest effort. He talked much of books: praising Björnson greatly, and even unduly, as I was afterwards told—other people, almost as clever, do not discern in him half as much as Howells does, it seems. He recommended me to read Miss Murfree's 'Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain': the Tennessee Dialect being not very baffling, much less baffling than the Scotch of Sir Walter. He agreed with me very much when I praised Thomas Hardy. We spoke particularly of 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' and 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.' Still I can never forgive him for underrating Dickens. We spoke of Zola, and when I extolled the 'Page d'amour,' he said it was certainly immense as a piece of pathos; though he sometimes doubted the motive a little—thought it a little forced—questioned whether the woman *would* have been quite so much in love with the doctor; whether the contest between her love for her child and the doctor would really have been quite so stubborn. 'But in the matter of love, one can never say,' and anyhow it was immense as pathos. We spoke of the theatre. I explained what I could about Sims, Jones, and Sydney Grundy. Gilbert he knew the best of our dramatists. He always read Gilbert's librettos with delight.

We went, a party of four, to Concord yesterday. Miss Lilian Whiting, a sympathetic and brilliant journalist—in America a brilliant journalist is as likely as not to be a woman—Madame Helen Hopekirk, who is 'Madame' only because she plays the piano in public—in private she is a young Scotch lady extremely cultivated and engaging—Mr. Sanborn, the friend on whom, as I understand, in later years Emerson chiefly lent; and myself. It's an hour's railway ride to Concord; and after passing the factory where 1200 people—again chiefly women—are making the 'Waltham' watches, you go by a tiny lake, hardly more than a large pond—its shores all wooded—by which Thoreau lived, and where he built himself a hut that he might observe nature in solitude. Then you get to Concord. Mr. Sanborn had a couple of light carriages—one, for all I know, may have been a 'rock-a-away,' and the other a 'dagger,' for it is thus that they name them—and Mr. Sanborn driving the pretty young Scotch lady, who is 'Madame' on Thursday at the Chickering Hall, and I being at the back of the 'dagger'—with Miss Lilian Whiting, and a youth in front, who turned round to talk about Emerson whenever the horse did not exclusively occupy him—we journeyed to Emerson's house, in which his widow and daughter live retired. There too was Mrs. Sanborn. Just where the Lexington road and the road from Boston—coming in directions that seem almost the same—meet, and continue as one road to the north, is a little bit of open triangular common, against which stands Emerson's house, or rather the white railings of its lawn. 'Tis a simple squarish two-storeyed house, chiefly white, in a bit of green garden almost without flowers, but planted with a few trees which he loved. We saw the rooms he chiefly lived in—parlor and study communicating. It is characteristic perhaps of Emerson that the dining-room was not one of these rooms, though no doubt he dined occasionally. In parlor and study everything is as he left it. The study has one great book-case from floor to ceiling, crowded with grave, elderly, somewhat decayed-looking books. There is the set given him by Carlyle, and in the parlor Strange's print after Guido's 'Aurora,' which Carlyle gave young Mrs. Emerson in 1839, with the giver's inscription on the back, very genuine no doubt, but perhaps a little labored. What interested me really most in Emerson's study were the portraits of the people he profoundly believed in—Art coming to him, it seems, in this way only—as the record of men. A tiny bronze, or bronzed, statuette of Goethe is in the middle of the mantelpiece

—the Goethe of old age, about when Eckermann first knew him, kindly, weighty, and very much all there. The Arundel Society's reproduction of the Giotto Dante—the only Dante portrait I like to believe in—hangs in the parlor. In the study, again, is Samuel Cousins's print after Washington Alston's portrait of Coleridge in middle-age, benignant and comfortable, and with the 'suffused tenderness' which Washington Alston's portraits are said always to display, and a portrait of Sainte Beuve, with the expression of a man making a very keen and unwelcome diagnosis. Emerson read German with difficulty, Mr. Sanborn told us—French with ease, and Sainte Beuve very much. The furniture of the rooms is of the simplest and most ordinary. The plain black rocking-chair, in which he wrote, is placed still by the round table which served as his desk.

Next we were driven past Hawthorne's house, among pine woods, to the graveyard of Sleepy Hollow, where Emerson is buried. He is not buried in the hollow itself, but on a ridge, or little platform, of hill overlooking it and the meadows. Very tall pine trees rise, of course, at irregular and sometimes at wide intervals, on the ridge of high land. A great boulder of quartz from New Hampshire—rose and smoke quartz, pink-white and brown, and semi-translucent—is his monument. He is buried close to the graves of the aunt, to whom he deemed he owed so much, and the boy—'little Waldo,' Mr. Sanborn said—who died when quite a child. In the same grave-place—for grave-yard you cannot call it—Hawthorne is buried, and a child of Julian Hawthorne's, which led Mrs. Sanborn and me to talk of novels and 'the Philosophy of the Short Story'—a very excellent article by Brander Matthews in the September *Lippincott*. And so we said good-by to this green shadowed breezy place, and to 'the friend of those who would live in the spirit.'

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Professor Horsford has had remarkable opportunities of really knowing the Indians. He says he cannot place them as below us in capacity for civilization. They are different—that is all. In the gifts of oratory and diplomacy they are unsurpassable, he says.

Millicent, I have seen the young lady whom Matthew Arnold must have met before he said, of American girls, that they were better than English.

The friend who came away with Emerson from Longfellow's funeral told me to-day that Emerson then, being stricken in years, had lost much of his memory. Some hours after the funeral he said, after a silence, thinking of Longfellow, 'That was a beautiful soul whose funeral we were at to-day. I forgot his name. But he was a beautiful soul.'

BOSTON.

The two most interesting, quite recent institutions, in Boston and outside of it, are, I think, the Institute of Technology and Wellesley College. In the Institute of Technology may be learnt everything that can help in the practical labors of an engineer, of an architect, and of a chemist. General Francis Walker administers it, of course with tact and with spirit, and I am told it is the most complete thing of its kind now in the world. Wellesley is, in its own way, just as advanced. Not only is it very much larger than any college for young women that we have in England; it is endowed more richly, and it has a wider scope. Wellesley has more than five hundred students; it has innumerable acres, a lake and woodland for exercise, seclusion, freedom. What a gymnasium did I see, and what a Conservatory of music! And in a glade I met a wood-nymph who had been botanizing. Wellesley has a hundred studies, among which are included, I believe, cooking and house-work. Nor in this American college—where mathematics and the classics do not have it all their own way—is it thought so very extraordinary if a girl wishes to learn seriously the History of Art. Some people think that modern education is filling America with blue-stockings. To me it seems that colleges like Wellesley are filling America with women who will be the able companions of men, and who will lead, as thousands do now lead, lives of enterprise and courage in every place between the eastern and the western sea.

BOSTON.

In the matter of architecture, Richardson dominates Boston. He is the architect of the great Church of the Trinity. His is the exquisite tower of the 'First Baptist Church' on Commonwealth Avenue. Sever Hall, Harvard, where I lectured last night—as pretty a place as I was ever in—owes to him its simplicity and ordered grace. His, too, is the Law School at Harvard.

PHILADELPHIA.

Professor Leslie told me an interesting thing about the well-marked differences in different parts of Ohio. The northern part of the State was settled by New Englanders, and it remains

like New England to this day. The middle part was settled by men from Pennsylvania, and the life is like life in Pennsylvania. The southern part was settled by Southerners from the Atlantic coast and, except Cincinnati, which is cosmopolitan, it is completely the South now.

But we were in Philadelphia, and I asked him how he would divide that. 'There is a quarter for the colored people,' he said, 'and there is a quarter for the Germans, and a quarter for people who are not fashionable, and a quarter for people who are . . . Is there, then, in Philadelphia, no quarter for the cultivated ?

NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.

That is a pretty line in which Browning describes his city of Florence, as 'washed by the morning's water-gold,' and I shall think of it sometimes in connection with Isabel Featherstone. A young and gleaming blonde, slender, bright in movement—the early morning sunshine has fallen on her, and stayed.

STEAM FERRY BOAT.

To-day the great expanse of New York Harbor, on the way to Staten Island, is dull of hue as Rotherhithe or Wapping—water and craft and sky and the encircling coast, all tones of gray and lead-color. In better weather, though the objects are very picturesque, they are too multitudinous. At least, that is the first impression. The spires and smoke-stacks and colleges of Cambridge, seen from the Back Bay at Boston, group more harmoniously. It is confusion here, it seems. Boston Back Bay is restful, simple, and a picture.

But this evening, coming back from Staten Island, there is nothing to recall Rotherhithe or Wapping—no, nothing that recalls the solid land at all. It is a vision—and the landscape of a dream. The sun behind us, towards the Atlantic, went down but lately in a purple and orange cloud; but already the orange has ceased to be vivid, the purple is subdued. Before us the placid water is silver and dove-colored. Over it and the lights of the city we are nearing, there is a soft, immense, and undefined sky. The many-decked river-steamers, broad of beam and with high sides, gleam white on the waters; their lights, like the lights of the city behind them, a pale gold, but in movement. One after another, to right or to left, they pass and vanish—phantoms of gold and white, gliding quite silently across a world of melting opal.

Current Criticism

MR. FROUDE AND THE CARLYLE MANUSCRIPTS.—At the end of the note-book that contains the greater part of the narrative entitled 'Jane Welsh Carlyle,' is a loose sheet originally wafered on to the last page of the book. The first paragraph on this sheet is the last in Mr. Froude's volumes,—a most tender and affecting passage. Two unimportant paragraphs follow, and then come these words, the motive for the omission of which is plain. No indication is given in the printed text of their omission. 'I still mainly mean to burn this book before my own departure, but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, and an indolent excuse, "Not yet; wait, any day that can be done!"—and that it is possible the thing may be left behind me, legible to interested survivors,—friends only, I will hope, and with worthy curiosity, not unworthy! In which event, I solemnly forbid them, each and all, to publish this bit of writing as it stands here; and warn them that without fit editing no part of it should be printed (nor so far as I can order, shall ever be); and that the "fit editing" of perhaps nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, have become impossible.' T. C. (Sat'y, 28 July, 1866). It is difficult to conceive of a more sacred injunction than this. It has been violated in every detail.—Prof. C. E. Norton, in *The New Princeton Review*.

LUDWIG'S FITTING END.—The end of Louis II. of Bavaria has been such as he would have chosen for himself, had the choice been given him in his maddest moments, and no doubt there was enough method in his madness to foresee this and plan it. For a King who had galloped wildly through the hills at night to imitate the Erl King; who had arrayed himself in armor and sallied out upon his lake like Lohengrin with his 'lieber Schwann'; who had been the sole spectator of Wagner's most grandiose works performed in the most striking manner; who had determined to reproduce Versailles in the Bavarian highlands; who had turned the whole stiff world of Court and even common etiquette topsy-turvy, snubbing Ambassadors and dining with gens-d'armes, making lackeys of his statesmen and statesmen of his lackeys—for a man who had done these things to sit down calmly under the cold eyes of experts in lunacy and a decree of deposition—for a man who had arrogated to himself

more than human freedom to end his days forgotten in a strait waistcoat—that would have been too ridiculous. After the romance has been eliminated from this Royal life and death—after the strains of Wagner's music have died out of it, so to speak—what is most striking is that Louis II. should have been tolerated so long.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

THE copartnership of Taintor Bros., Merrill & Co., educational publishers, expired by limitation on July 1st. Messrs. Charles N. and J. L. Taintor and Mr. E. L. Gates succeed the old firm, under the title of Taintor Bros. & Co. Mr. Charles E. Merrill, the retiring partner, sailed for Europe on the Britannic on Thursday last. He has purchased the interest of the late firm in THE CRITIC, and as President of The Critic Co. will, on his return, devote his energies for some time to the growing interests of this journal. J. L. and J. B. Gilder continue in editorial charge of the paper, and retain their interest in its ownership.

—Macmillan & Co. will publish immediately a volume of 'Letters from Donegal,' by a lady who describes the effect that the anticipation of Home Rule is having on life in Ireland. They were written to a friend in England.

—Worthington Co. will issue in this country Swinburne's volume of prose 'Miscellanies,' a work to which *The Athenaeum* of June 19th devotes its first three pages. The essay on Lamb and Wither will delight the hearts of the Lambkins. Mr. Swinburne has always been a lover and student of Lamb, and he has here given the world his long-treasured collection of Lamb's marginalia upon a copy of Wither's poems, and his own comments upon them.

—The original illustrations in Capt. Greely's book, 'Three Years of Arctic Service,' will appear in the French translation.

—Heman W. Chaplin, of Boston, is said to be the author of 'The Village Convict,' 'In Madeira Lane,' and other magazine stories published over the signature of 'C. H. White.'

—Dr. Max Vogler contributes to a recent number of the *Allgemeine Litterarischer Wochen-Bericht*, published in Leipzig, an elaborate and favorable notice of Goel Benton's critical volume, 'Emerson as a Poet.' He calls it a beautiful and welcome tribute.

—From P. W.:—J. K. Wetherill's strictures on 'The Average English Novel,' in THE CRITIC of June 26th, are well put. In that connection it may be interesting to note that the London Academy, in noticing 'After His Kind,' a recent novel of English characters and scenes, by an American, is surprised to find that 'only two slight oversights betray the sojourner;' one of these being that a young English lady speaks of a 'cook-book.' The 'average English novelist' of J. K. Wetherill's paper 'knocks chunks off'r the Amurican gal.'

—The library of the late James Brooks, Member of Congress, and proprietor and editor of the *Express*, was sold at auction this week by George A. Leavitt & Co.

—Joaquin Miller writes in the July *Lippincott's*:—'This year, God willing, I shall stop writing, and in a small way take up the law again. For a man who writes constantly cannot think much. And a man who does not think much ought not to have much to say. There is a disposition to selfishness and egotism in writing that is ruinous to all men. A man who makes a profession of writing poetry ought to die early.'

—John Wanamaker is about to become the American publisher of the London children's weekly, with colored illustrations, known as the *Little Ones' Own*.

—It is said that more than two thousand Byzantine diplomas upon a blue parchment have been discovered in the cathedral at Bari in Apulia, where they were walled up in a niche, apparently for safe preservation.

—William Black has completed a new novel, the chief scenes of which are laid in London and Brighton. According to *The Athenaeum*, the story deals in some measure with artistic life in the metropolis, whilst one of the characters is of a sporting turn, and a good deal of racing is introduced. The heroine, Sabina, whose name gives the title to the story, is the daughter of a rich M. P., who quits her father's house and lives in lodgings so as to devote herself entirely to labor among the London poor. The novel, it will be seen, is a departure from the run of stories to which Mr. Black has accustomed his readers. Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, have secured the story, and it will be simultaneously published in the autumn in newspapers in all quarters of the world.

